

## **The Mediæval Bæbes**

### **"Blow Northern Wind"**

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Blow, northerne wind  
Send thou me my sweting  
Blow, northerne wind  
Blow, blow, blow!

Ichot a burde in bowre bright  
That sully semly is on sight  
Menskful maiden of might  
Fair and fre to fonde  
In all this wurhliche won  
A burde of blod and of bon  
Never yet I nuste non  
Lussomore in lode

Blow, northerne wind  
Send thou me my sweting  
Blow, northerne wind  
Blow, blow, blow!

Hire lure lumes light  
Ase a launterne anight  
Hire be blikieth so bright  
So fair he is and fine  
Swetly swire he hath to holde  
With armes, shuldre ase mon wolde  
And fingres faire for to folde  
God wolde she were mine

Blow, northerne wind  
Send thou me my sweting  
Blow, northerne wind  
Blow, blow, blow!

To Love I putte pleintes mo  
How Siking me hath siwed so  
And eke Thoght me thrat to slo  
With maistry yef he mighte  
And Sorewe sore in balful bende  
The he wolde for this hende  
Me lede to my lives ende  
Unlahfulliche in lighte

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